THOUSAND WOMEN OFFER SERVICES

Willing to Do Men's Work **During Duration** of War.

RELATIVES AT FRONT

Ninety Per Cent. of Them Have Men Doing Their Bit.

Progress made in the matter of re-sistering women ready to take the place of men in order to enable them measure at least, due to the mothers and sisters of the community. The ninety who gave in their names at the Sunday meeting at Leow's Theatre in response to the appeal of Miss Wiseman makes the number of women who have now registered in Toronto well over the thousand.

Miss Florence Hardy has been presented with the "triple-all-round-cord," the first to be won by any Girl Guide in Canada. The honor was sonferred in recognition of the fact that she had already won twenty-one profiency badges. She is also the winner of the "Silver Fish," which will be presented at the Girl Guide rally next Saturday.

Capt. Jean McConnell, organizer and captain of Company 7 Girl Guides for

to say that men are kept back by their women folk. Perhaps in some cases this may be true, but the fact, if such

this may be true, but the fact, if such it be, would only emphasize something that has been apparent since the war broke out, and that is that the women who are patriotic and who are doing things are for the most part members of the same families as the mem who have recruited and are in all probability at the front.

It would be almost a safe guess to make that at least 90 per cent, of the women who have signed as to their willingness to serve their country by entering on any avenue of work that may present itself are members of families whose men are already "doing their bit." The recruiting of men and registration of women proves more and more that the calls of the

moment are being responded to over and over again by a certain portion of the community, while the other very large portion are still under the drug of inertia, which prevents them realizing their responsibility in the

resent crisis.
These Men Should Help. response. Assurances from other countries—from France, England and the rest—are to the effect that women have been found fully competent in many new lines of work recently tried. Canadian employers might at least give those who offer themselves ate with the opportunities offered.

It seems almost time to put blame where it rightly belongs, who runs may read. It is certainly not the women who are behind in presenting themselves for any service which the times may demand at their

Girl Guides News

captain of Company 7 Girl Guides for five years, was presented by the members of her corps with flowers and a handsome set of table linen. She is to be married shortly.

LITTLE CASH REQUIRED.

the war broke out, and that is that the women who are patriotic and who are doing things are for the most part members of the same families as the make that at least 90 per cent, of the women who have eigned as to their willingness to serve their country by entering on any avenue of work that may present itself are members of families whose men are already "doing their bit." The recruiting of men and registration of women proves more and more that the calls of the catalogue and information.

LITTLE CASH REQUIRED.

A small cash payment is all that is needed to possess a Victrola if you buy it from Ye Olde Firme of Heintzman & Co., Ltd., Heintzman Hall, 193-197 Yonge street, Toronto. Their casy payment plan enables you to pay just a few dollars down and the balwont and the balwing the form the front door opened and are in small weekly or monthly payment plan anyone can afford one, especially as prices are as low so carry an immense stock of freedral, If out of town write for records, If out of town write for more and more that the calls of the catalogue and information.

LITTLE CASH REQUIRED.

A small cash payment is all that is needed to possess a Victrola if you face against the soft dimpled neck and sobbed, "Your Daddy is going away from us, Teddy—away across the prettiest, sweet-way from us, Teddy—away across the prettiest, sweet-way from us, Teddy—away across the protion of work that the soft dimpled neck and sobbed, "Your Daddy is going away from us, Teddy—away across the prettiest, water the soft dimpled neck and sobbed, "Your Daddy is going away from us, Teddy—away across the protion of water the soft dimpled neck and sobbed, "Your Daddy is going away from us, Teddy—away across the set."

The child's lips quivered, his eyes slipped his nightle over his head.

Down at the Station.

Laura Staunton pushed her way impatiently thru hundreds of soldiers, records, If out of town write for records, If out o

* THEIR COMMON SORROW *

In the living-room, at a safe discrete from the spluttering hearth-ing fire, a baby tumbled about on a rug, but the fire of the platform with an old man and young girl.

"Your man isn't the only man that's come to the war. If I had a dozen in the grain girl, as the platform with an old man and young girl.

"Your man isn't the only man that's come to the war. If I had a dozen in the grain girl, as the grain girl, and your girl.

"How stupid of me," she thought, dring her way once more thru the grain girl, and your girl, "And your" the first was grain the form on a stretcher;—yes, he was a stream the or in an antition on the plant of the plant on the first wa

mother just rocked gently to and fro, looking sadly into the glowing coals. "He—"

"Yes, yes, I know," snapped her visitor, pulling off the baby's bootees and toasting his little pink feet at the fire. "That's just what Mrs. Smith said when her man went away with the 35th, and Mrs. Lawson said the same girl as he clasped her to him for perhaps the last time.

"Forgive me, dear, if I have wronged you," he said humbly.

She smiled now at the absurdity of the request. God love him! He had kept his word—he had been good and true—oh, so true!

"Teddy's awful tired," yawned a tired voice at her knee. "Muvver put Teddy's nightie on—no—Daddy rock me sleep," he exclaimed fretfully as his mother stooped to lift him on her knee.

"The storm broke—she crushed her" "Go, if you feel like it, run along now, "The storm broke—she crushed her" "Go, if you feel like it, run along now, "In a product on the glowing the malted milk much farther than was necessary. "Go, if you feel like it, run along now, "In a product on your face and put on your sure."

before."

A woman fainted and was carried past her on a stretcher;—yes, he was at he man she thought was her husband had taken the girl in his arms and was kissing her goodbye. Now he was shaking hands with the old man, his arm still encircling the girl.

God in heaven, it WAS he!

Queer noises dulled her hearing—she couldn't see, she groped for something to steady herself so she could think. Why, the band was playing the "Dead March in Saul," and she hadn't said good-bye to the children!"

"Overseas! Overseas!" she repeated in bewilderment. The words had been ringing like a knell in her cars for days. So it was she after all who had gone, she was vaguely conate the shiny leather upholstery and the casy sway of the motor.

"You are feeling better?" queried a pleasant voice. Memory came rushing back, cruel as the grave, as a bright corner-light illuminated the face of a young girl whose arm supported her—and, oh—the hideous movkery of it—it was she whom Dick—she was thoughtful and kind, yet his sympathy was unolytrusive. Time went on—he was my friend, nothing more, until one day I forgot myself and I let him know."

your purse and behold the result!"
pointing to a neat bungalow.
"There hasn't been a peep out of
them since you left," assured Miss
May as she admitted them, "and now,
as Sam says, "I'll beat it."
Laura motioned her guest to the
little rocker beside the fire and seated herself directly opposite.
"Thank you—no—" she abruptly

groups tearfully waiting to see the very last of their boys who were even now saying their last farewells thru the car windows.

Suddenly, thru a blur of tears, she saw him away down at the farthest end of the platform with an old man and young girl.

"Yes," replied the girl winder as she was about to help her remove her wraps. "I am quite myself again. If I am not mistaken, we have a common sorrow," she began feverishly. "Someone very dear to you has gone tonight," she whispered tensely, her éyes fairly consuming the girl with fierce intensity. "Yes," replied the girl wonderingly.

bright corner-light illuminated the face of a young girl whose arm supported her—and, oh—the hideous movkery of it—it was she whom Dick—she was numb all over, and cold, her teeth chattered.

"Father, I am going in with her," the girl whispered as the car stopped.

"I'm afraid she is ill."

"You were close to us when you fainted," she explained, turning again to Laura, as she unfastened the car door. "We found your address in your purse and behold the result!"

pointing to a neat bungalow.

"Merciful heaven! The very irony—the crueity of it!" Laura thought

what Was Coming.

"Merciful heaven! The very irony—the cruelty of it!" Laura thought, working her fingers spasmodically.

"What would that pitless voice disclose next?"

"He told me he loved me," continued the girl reminiscently, "but that another girl had first claim to his love. I vowed then that I would win him from her. It wasn't wicked," she said, defiantly. "I loved him best."

"And he? You?" questioned a parched, choking voice.

"I am not sure, even yet—at times—I seem to have won, then I could die of sheer joy, but when he is distrait and unhappy, I'm sore afraid that it is his pity and compassion I have won after all. He telegraphed me to come to Toronto today, that his battalion was leaving—he wanted to tell me something down there tonight, but I refused to listen. I was afraid—but who knows—we may be happy together when this cruel was is over," she concluded, with a wistful smile. "But, do tell me your story," she insisted, hitching her chair closer to her mysterious hostess.

Laura rose unsteadily, and, drawing aside the heavy curtains, switched on the light.

"This is my story," she said, grimly,

on the light.
"This is my story," she said, grimly.
"This is my story," she said, grimly.

"Yes, mine and his," the lifeless voice returned.

"And you are the girl I tried so hard to take him from," she whispered, gradually grasping the situation. "Oh, my dears, my little dears," she moaned, kneeling beside Teddy and burying her face closer to his on the pillow. "I didn't know—I didn't know!"

"Daddy put Jumbo in for Teddy," he said, sleepily, putting his little arm around her neck.

The mother's face became trans-

The mother's face became transformed with gentleness and pity; purity and innocence were unmistakably stamped upon the girlish tear-stained face close to Teddy's.

Placing her hand carelessly upon the girl's head, she said softly, "We have indeed a common sorrow."

A horn tooted impatiently outside, "And you will try to forgive him?" she pleaded passionately. "It was my fault, all mine. And me—me—" she cchoed. "You forgive me—then you are more angel than woman," she said

TORONTO TEACHER WEDS.

Special to The Toronto World.

BROCKVILLE June 19.—At Trinity Church this afternoon, Rev. Rural Dean Woodcock united in marriage Miss Delera, only daughter of Travers Fitzpatrick of Brockville, to Walter P. Ferguson of the staff of the Toronto Technical College,

Miss Edna Davis was her bridesmaid, and Ernest Fitzpatrick was best naid, and Ernest Fitzpatrick was best

The Lights of 65 Years Ago are still doing duty in the shape of

Sixty-five years ago the first Canadian - made Matches were made at Hull by EDDY and since that time, for materials and striking qualities. EDDY'S have been the acknowledged best.

WHEN BUYING MATCHES

Announcements

UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL SUPPLY acciation. Workroom in Libra

MAPLE LEAF CLUBS ARE URGENT NECESSITY

Lady Drummond of Montreal, who

COL. WILLIAMS AT THE WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB

George, the president, occupied the chair. The speaker referred to the appeal sent out by General Logic last week as pressing and demanding 2,440 accepted men within the next fort-

Ickets

Fresh from Ontario's finest farms, from carefully - inspected cows living in sanitary surroundings -this is the reason for the richness of milk from The Farmers' Dairy. And in the "Wonder" dairy, the best-equipped dairy in Americait is made safe by scientific pasteurization.

> Phone Hillcrest 4400

Richer in Cream---Summer Price

Give Your Order Today to our Driver--or Phone. But order to-day.

Phone Hillcrest 4400

THE FARMER DAIRY

Walmer Road and Bridgeman St.

You can get this milk now at our regular summer price. The price enables you to give your childern more of this. rich, creamy, health-giving milk. At all hours, tired from school, hot after play, jaded at the close of day, they need and enjoy the refreshing sweetness of

> Phone Hillcrest 4400

Polly and Her Pals

Some Opera Outfit!

By Sterrell

WOT THA'SAM HILL KIND) THAT? WHY THATS WHADDYÉ MEAN SLIP WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME COME TLIFE PAW DON'T STOP TO SHADES OF OF A COSTUME IS GOOD INTO IT AND COME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT. POLLYS NEW ARGUE, POLLY FATHERS! ADAM AN EVE! LOOK AT IT! THIS, MAW? SHOW PA ? T YER PAW'S OPERA OUTFIT! REASON IS AT IT AINT WOT STAKE! YOU THOUGHT IT WAS AT ALL

BY ADELE Madge's A the L

T WAS fully ha

came before me were in the room Lilian Underwo the same floor wit my husband. I felt escape her eyes, anything in Dicky girl or in the mode her employer that to me as she had I felt a sudden that with thoughts of since the day of when Dicky had and engaged her, premonition that ibrary, so that me I could be c taith, however, would do her b

ttention to putting int

CHAR